

"Dan, You  
Look Like  
a Fool!"  
She Said.



will make you this promise, Helen," he said. "When women learn to dress themselves without making rolling mills of their husbands, I'll vote to give them the ballot."

Mrs. Farley, looking out of the window, saw something that caused her to ignore the remark. "Oh, look, Dan!" she cried excitedly, pointing into the street. "There's a suffragist meeting on the corner. Let's join them."

Farley drew away and looked at her reproachfully. "Do you want me to make a speech against myself?" he asked.

"But don't you want to hear what they have to say?"

"We've been married seven years, Helen. I don't have to go to a suffragette street meeting to hear myself abused." Another survey of the decorations deepened his gloom. "Why don't you go out on the street corner with your friends?" he asked. "Show them what kind of a district leader you can be."

"I can't go out alone in this dress," she replied regretfully; for the suggestion pleased her.

"Sure you can. They're swells. Go ahead. You be the politician. One in the family is enough. I'll stay home and look after the house."

"A fine job you'd make of it!" she retorted sarcastically, as he departed in the direction of the kitchen.

WHEN he reappeared she turned from the window and gasped. He had added a housemaid's cap and apron to his evening dress, and in his hands were a broom, a duster, and a dustpan. He leaned the broom against a bookcase and began to dust vigorously.

"Dan, you look like a fool!" she said.

"Take a look out the window," he suggested, waving his duster and sending a vase of flowers crashing to the hearth. Another bit of bric-à-brac from a bookcase fell in fragments before his brush. Mrs. Farley rushed toward him.

"Stop! You'll smash everything!" she cried.

He held her off the length of the feather duster. "Hands off, Woman!" he said sternly. "The sphere of the politician is outside the home. I'll not be tyrannized over! Me for the easy, peaceful domestic life! It takes the women of today for the strenuous game of politics!"

He threw down the duster, seized the broom, and began to sweep with tremendous energy.

Mrs. Farley sneezed. "You're doing nothing but raising the dust, Dan," she protested.

"Your friends out there are trying to raise—something else," he remarked indifferently. "But never mind. Ah! 'tis a happy peaceful life, the sheltered existence in the home that is coming to us men when the women get the vote!"

He gaily hummed "The Wearing of the Green," while Mrs. Farley in desperation seized her hat, put it on, and began to jab hatpins through it with fury. Over by the desk he paused, picked up one of the circulars, and read it. The broom and dustpan fell from his hands to the floor with a clatter and he turned a face upon her in which there was wrath that was genuine. She stopped putting on her hat and waited in trepidation for him to speak.

"Is this the kind of stuff you have been sending out to the voters in my district?" he demanded.

"Why—I—I don't know, Dan. It's from headquarters."

"Do you know what's in this circular?"

"No, Dan, I haven't read it."

"Then listen!" and he read oracularly from the sheet of paper. "Daniel Farley is the Tammany Hall candidate for the Assembly in the Eighth District. He has refused to give his indorsement to woman suffrage. He owns fealty only to his own pocket. He has grown wealthy through the protection of illegal liquor traffic, gambling houses, and other forms of public vice."

She listened in astonishment and dismay, taking off her hat and shrinking within herself. When he finished reading he looked at her with the witheringly sarcastic comment:

"Now that's a boost to be proud of!"

"Oh, Dan, does it really say that?" she asked tearfully.

"Read it!" he answered and put it in her hands. She read, and the tears that crept into her blue eyes dried quickly in the blaze of anger that followed. She crushed the circular in her hands and threw it into the open grate.

"Oh, the hateful things!" she cried. "Oh, wait until I see them!" She ran to the desk, gathered up the papers and threw them into the fire. "You can sue them for that, Dan," she cried. "You can make them prove it."

## HER TIGER

Drawing by  
G. PATRICK NELSON



YOU can't be too careful," said Masterson of the Indian Secretariat, otherwise known to his friends as Old Figures, "in acting the part of Good Samaritan toward a smitten lover; for you run great danger of being misunderstood, and possibly smashing a pretty romance. I stopped by the wayside for that purpose once, and, upon my word, had it not been for the lucky advent of a tiger—"

In this connection he pleased to observe the Chowringhee Club, Calcutta. Save for the barefooted khitmutgars and punkas, its atmosphere much resembles a similar resort on Fifth-ave.; for Calcutta wishes you to understand that she is metropolitan and European, with a distinctly patronizing attitude toward the *mofussil* (rural districts). To be sure, a Calcutta man is aware that there is such a place as Delhi; but for the life of him can't understand why anyone, short of absolute necessity, should yearn to journey thither. Hence the wherefore of Masterson, and Holmes, representing American commercial interests, lounging in the Chowringhee Club attired in the afternoon frock coat, etc., of Piccadilly and Fifth-ave., also smoking imported Havana cigars instead of the domestic cheroot proper to the *mofussil*. Masterson had noticed a shade of dejection on Holmes' face, and was offering the advice of a Calcutta man to run home for a breath of fresh air; thus marking a distinction from the people of the *mofussil*, for whom Providence has set apart the hills. But Holmes shook his head.

"No," he said, "I hardly need that yet. I've been out only a year."

"Ah!" ejaculated Masterson with an air of superior wisdom. "Since you are too young for liver, it must be heart. Your fair compatriot, Miss Cumnock, I presume?"

Holmes implied by silence that Masterson had correctly diagnosed his case.

"And far be it from me to blame you," went on Masterson. "A charmingly natural and unaffected girl. She looked stunning at the Viceroy's Barrackpore garden party."

This from Masterson was surprising; for, though popular with men as a good natured fellow, the butterflies who flutter round the viceregal court characterized him as such a—well, quite uninteresting person. And Masterson knew it. Therefore what more need be said of his counter opinion?

REALLY, I—I could fall in love with her myself," he added. "But don't be alarmed," he hastened to refute Holmes's challenging glance. "A man who is built to collect dry departmental facts is not in the run-

Involuntarily he recoiled; but he replied humorously. "Never mind that: I'll not make them prove anything."

She made a sweeping clutch at the hanging banners, intending to rend them; but he stopped her.

"Don't be impatient with them, Helen," he urged soothingly. "And don't tear those flags down. I like them. They're pretty. Leave them be. If you're going in for politics, you must expect little jokes like this."

"I'll have nothing to do with politics—I'll resign!" Mrs. Farley declared hotly.

There was a suggestion of more tears to follow, and he patted her shoulder with great gentleness and good nature.

"No, stick it out. It will do you good," he said. "And I don't mind telling you, Helen, that I believe a woman ought to have every privilege that a man has, in addition of course to those she has already."

THEY were interrupted by the housemaid, who, staring in wonder at the incongruous figure cut by Farley, informed them that Daniel, Jr., and Baby Helen had been awakened by their debate, and would not go to sleep.

"Go and calm their apprehensions, Helen," Farley said laughing. "They are the kind of ballots every woman ought to cast. And if they did there would be no law against repeating."

When she came back she found him standing, still in cap and apron, looking at one of the circulars that had escaped the flames. Very softly she went up to him and looked into his face.

"Dan, do you really believe in woman suffrage?" she asked.

"Certainly I do," he assured her gaily.

"Then I believe in the home," she said firmly. "And I'll wait until I know more about politics before I try to run a district."

Lovingly she took the cap from his head and placed it on her own, divested him of the apron and put it on, took the pan and duster and swept up the broken bits of vase and bric-a-brac. He watched her until she had finished. Then he said gently:

"Helen, do you know what the woman's job will always be, vote or no vote?"

"No, Dan, what?"

"Saving the pieces. Come on, we'll go to that meeting."

By MICHAEL WHITE

ning for romance. I am merely a highly developed bureau of statistics, valuable to the Government, but I fancy not particularly entertaining to women. Still, I can understand and appreciate another fellow's feelings. How long do the Cumnocks intend to remain in Calcutta?"

"That's the point of the trouble," replied Holmes. "I believe Judge Cumnock has decided to go on to Rangoon by next week's steamer on their east-to-west round-the-world trip. You see, I knew the Cumnocks in Philadelphia, and had got as far as the best-of-friends stage with Olive; but somehow there progress stopped. And I haven't been able to make further headway during their visit here," he added gloomily. "Something—in me, I guess—seems to be lacking to bring the matter up to a crisis or a climax. She doesn't say no; yet she stops short of the decisive yes. I presume that is her privilege; but meanwhile it is not conducive to exuberance of spirit."

Masterson looked sympathetic. "Perhaps Miss Cumnock does not like the prospect of living in India," he suggested.

"Oh, I think she would for a time," replied Holmes. "She appears to have been wonderfully interested in what she has seen, and enjoyed the social life, though a bit disappointed not to have caught even the glimpse of a tiger. I wish to goodness I could organize a tiger hunt, if that would please her!"

"And with about equal odds of adding to her disappointment," remarked Masterson. "In fifteen years I have never seen a tiger; but from the reports of the Woods and Forests Department I know a good deal about them. Except in the Terai at the foot of the Himalayas and the Sunderbund Flats, where you have also to reckon with fever, the tiger generally seems to know of your coming and moves house. No, in your case a tiger hunt is too uncertain. Now, a picnic—"

"A picnic!" queried Holmes in a tone that suggested a considerable drop from tiger.

"Exactly, a picnic," nodded Masterson. "When I was a deputy assistant in the *mofussil*, and there was any little hitch of this kind, somebody arranged a picnic. If my memory serves me right, they were invariably successful. Therefore, it is clearly my duty as your friend to get up a picnic."

"It's awfully good of you, of course," returned Holmes; "but—"

"I have already planned it all," Masterson interposed. "Can you secure the Cumnocks for tomorrow night?"

"I believe so."

"Good! Then I'll borrow Calthorpe's launch. We'll run down the river by moonlight, and on the way back stop at the Botanical Gardens to inspect the contents of the tiffin basket. Then you two can wander off to see the famous banyan tree and shrubs that people say don't grow anywhere else. You certainly ought to be able to snatch her yes from that occasion,—languorous,



and exotically perfumed with our oriental atmosphere, as per guidebook. No thanks," he interrupted Holmes' attempted recognition of a friendly service. "I may some day meet a girl who appreciates a statistical mind and a genius for collecting facts. Then I shall apply for your assistance. Meanwhile we'll call it an international reciprocity agreement. Remember," he concluded, rising, "the Government landing stage at nine sharp; the Cumnocks, yourself, and your obedient servant to form the party. Don't forget an overcoat and wraps for the ladies, as it's sure to be a bit chilly at this season of the year."

It was perfectly delightful. Miss Cumnock thus expressed her pleasure more than once to Masterson; which was merely the due of her host, yet in it the little finger of Kismet was stirring up trouble. The launch had dropped down past the long line of shipping with spars outlined in the brilliant white light, and the riverfront drive, where in pomp and circumstance the lordly equipages of great sahibs hastened to drum or dance. Miss

silence was again his part. He began to think it did not seem exactly his picnic, nor was there much growing delight in his view of the trip. Truly, Kismet was not fighting hard on his side!

But for Masterson, Miss Cumnock's question relative to the betterment of her sex in India was a subject he was most capable of talking about. He had been detailed to assist a former Vicereine in her efforts to uplift Indian women, owing to his ability to gather and sift facts. Therefore he set forth with great enthusiasm, the more so because he had not before encountered a girl of Miss Cumnock's social position in India at all eager to listen to his shop talk; in fact, rarely with an interest in things more serious than gymkanas, dances, and—picnics. So, while Holmes was left to entertain the Judge,—clearly not part of the original plan,—Masterson held Miss Cumnock's interest with a "Please tell me more," which left no loophole for the rightful party to intervene.

Presently the launch turned the bend of Garden Reach, and signs of the city gradually disappeared. In

their place the feathery tops of palm and mango rose above a dense underbrush of jungle, closing in upon the river banks. At longer intervals small patches of cultivation surrounded the thatched huts of native villages. Ahead, a stream of silver light fell upon the murky waters of the holy river, bearing seaward the ashes of things typical of age-worn superstitions. A sudden flare of lamps revealed to the occupants of the launch the shrine of a crocodile god, and fantastic figures pouring libations over their idol.

River traffic had practically ceased at sundown, and for the most part there was little sound from either bank; though the scream of a disturbed parrot or the long howl of a jackal occasionally broke upon Nature's silence. Masterson knew all about the crocodile god, also curious facts illustrating the habits of parrots and jackals, information of value to the Government, and apparently of absorbing interest to Miss Cumnock. Thus encouraged in his effort to entertain, Masterson ran the launch several miles farther down the river than he had intended, quite unconscious of the gloomy and silent figure of his friend sitting apart.

He was brought to realize distance by the widening stream, and Holmes' discomforture by a pointed remark that Masterson had evidently found the sought for appreciation of a statistical mind, coupled with a look suggesting doubt of a purely disinterested motive.

Though it was clearly not Masterson's fault, but the little finger of Kismet, he recognized the justice of Holmes' grievance. Eager to set matters right, he found a pretext for relinquishing his seat next to Miss Cumnock by requesting Holmes to steer.

"Just put the launch round, will you, old chap?" he said in the most friendly manner. "I've talked such a lot that I've got cramp in my hand, which is fitting punishment."

HOLMES swung the launch back on her course, and with increased power began to breast the stream at fair speed. With the satisfaction of feeling in his rightful position, he was about to whisper a compliment when the occupants of the launch were all tossed together with a bump—thump—crash. The launch reeled and staggered like a man hit with a blackjack, careening to one side as a heavy weight struck and recoiled amidships.

"Must have run into a log," suggested Masterson, picking himself up.

"Oh, Jack! how could you be so careless?" came from Miss Cumnock in a tone of reproof. She had not intended to be otherwise than quite nice and kind to him,—an attitude that, after all, leaves something wanting to the masculine mind,—but, as Kismet willed, it was nearly the first sentence she had addressed to Holmes since leaving the Government landing stage. Naturally he was not gratified, and was about to explain with emphasis that he didn't put the log there, when a cry of

fright went up from the native servants in the bow.

"Oh, Masterson Sahib! This ship is going to sink. Behold the water rushing in upon our feet!"

"Sink! Nonsense!" retorted Masterson scrambling forward. "If you idiots had kept a sharper lookout, we should not have struck that log!"

Then he stepped into three inches of water. A cursory inspection disclosed a gaping rent in the bow through which a current was pouring freely.

"There seems to be a trifling leak here," he called back, not wishing to alarm the others. "I think we'd better run into the shore and investigate. Just turn her head to the bank, Holmes," he instructed.

Holmes put the bow of the launch over, while Masterson endeavored to stem the inrush of water. They had swung over to the west side at the turn, and quickly drew in toward the line of jungle, rising higher and denser as they approached its deceptive shadow. Suddenly the bank caved in ahead and they shot into a narrow nullah, or creek, so overhung with vegetation that it seemed completely dark in comparison to the river flooded with moonlight. Masterson had barely shouted a warning to Holmes to reduce speed, when the launch plunged her nose into the mud, and stopped with a jerk almost as nerve straining as when they struck the log.

"Really, Jack," protested Miss Cumnock, "you seem determined to bring us to destruction. What in the world is the matter with you? You haven't spoken a word since we started, and you've done nothing but glare and look out of humor. India seems to have made you positively horrid!"

"Oh, hang it all!" Holmes fairly broke loose, "you never gave me a chance to say anything, and how could I be supposed to know the navigation of this rotten old river?"

Against him Kismet surely was fighting, as people say sometimes, everything going wrong.

MASTERTON, who foresaw dismal failure advancing upon his benevolent plan, came to the rescue with an endeavor to make light of the situation. "Well," he laughed, "of course this isn't the Botanical Gardens; but there might be a worse substitute. We are all snug and comfortable here, it seems, and no damage has been done to the tiffin basket. That is extremely important, because I am afraid we shall have to remain here an hour or two. I think it will be best," he added, "to send my servants off to hunt up the nearest telegraph line with a Calcutta message for another launch. I don't like to risk attempting to crawl back with that hole in the bow. Besides, she's stuck fast. I can't move her."

With eyes growing in tune to the change of light, they were able to discern their position more clearly. The launch had struck the mud several feet from the shore, hidden in a mass of tangled undergrowth. Overhead the spreading branches of a tree shut out the sky and swept across the creek to meet others springing from the opposite bank. A stout limb had barely missed the launch's awning, and hung above the stern left free of the mud in deeper water. It was rather a weird, uncanny spot, and the atmosphere was wonderfully silent; though, in contradiction to his real feelings, Masterson insisted upon its romantic elements. There had been some commotion of monkeys and parrots in the treetops at the launch's intrusion; but that had died away, and now there was no sound but human voices, which naturally fell into subdued accents.

Some difficulty was encountered in persuading the native servants to go upon their errand; but with them it is generally a question of price for attempting any real or imaginary danger. When this was settled, they swung up to the arm of the tree above the launch's stern and crawled into the jungle blackness.

Masterson then made a brave effort to cheer things up with the contents of the tiffin basket and a ghastly attempt to be humorous. For a collector of dry statistics the latter course was almost of necessity fatal. Mrs. Cumnock was plainly nervous, and not in a condition to laugh at a jest had it been of the first vintage. Neither Miss Cumnock nor Holmes seemed to possess an appetite, and by their attitude toward each other impressed Masterson with the idea that somehow he had unintentionally caused an actual breach where before there might have been nothing more serious than a misunderstanding.

But the Judge rose admirably to the occasion. He had dined on the previous night with the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court; moreover, the Chowringhee Club imported cigars were a positive joy after an unsatisfactory course of cheroots. He had, therefore, a great deal to say about the administration of civil law in India, and seized upon that excellent opportunity. So he talked on until even he grew tired; then the party fell into a stage of mere intermittent remarks.

HOW long that condition lasted Masterson cannot say; but hours must have dragged past without a sign of his servants. Presently he was roused from self reproachful reflections over the failure of his picnic by Holmes' voice summoning him urgently from above.

"Masterson! Oh, Masterson!"

"Hello!" he responded, climbing out from under the awning and peering upward into the branches. "Where are you?"

"On this tree limb," responded Holmes.

"What did you swing up there for?" questioned Masterson.

"To find a way out. Never mind about that. Have you a rifle in the launch?" he asked in a low tone.

"No."

"Then a shotgun or a pistol?"

"No. What do you want a pistol for—to shoot monkeys?"

"Yes—yes, to shoot monkeys if you like," Holmes



She Wildly Struck the Beast in the Face.

Cumnock naturally became interested in passing objects, and in default of gaining information from Holmes, who was unfamiliar with that part of the river, appealed to Masterson. Thus perforce Holmes sat dumb, while Masterson pointed out the gleaming white mansions of the English nabobs, set in gardens reaching down to the water line, and the palace prison of the late King of Oudh, whose memory is still of unsavory odor.

"We may have had a tyrant or two in Europe," remarked Masterson; "but nothing to equal his Indian Majesty gone 'must.' What Oudh was on his throne is hardly to be spoken of; but here he employed the leisure hours of his semicaptivity with fighting beasts, snake mounds, dressing himself up in all manner of gem-blazing costumes, and beating his wives so that their screams could be heard across the river."

Miss Cumnock glanced toward the rambling buildings of the palace, felt naturally hateful of its former royal occupant, and sympathetic with the unhappy fate of his wives.

"I wish to know," she asked, "more of the condition of Indian women, about the dreadful child marriage, and what is being done for the education of girls."

Now, Holmes could have given a very fair estimate of the consumption of kerosene per capita; but that was not what Miss Cumnock wanted. He knew but vaguely from hearsay of the condition of Indian women; hence



responded with evident high tension. "But quick, Man, get me a weapon of some kind!"

"But there isn't a weapon of any kind in the launch," protested Masterson.

"Then—then can't you make up a torch—some oil rags on the end of a stick?"

"What on earth or in the treetops for?" persisted the puzzled Masterson.

"Never mind—to see something. My Heavens, Man! don't stop to ask questions!" came from Holmes with suppressed nervous strain.

Masterson went to search the lockers for cotton waste, under the impression that Holmes must have become slightly demented. Meanwhile, Miss Cumnock had overheard part of the discussion, and was moved to seek further enlightenment. She mounted the seat in the stern of the launch, having picked up a boathook that she thought might serve Holmes' purpose. From that point of vantage she could gain a better view of his position than had Masterson. What she saw at first was Holmes bending low and motionless on the tree limb, nearly overhead and almost within reach of her hand.

"Jack! Jack!!" she called. "What are you doing up there? Why are you acting so strangely?"

At the sound of her voice he very slightly turned his head and thrust out a hand with a backward motion.

"Go away—please go back under cover, Olive!" he urged with begging insistence.

"I'll do nothing of the kind!" she retorted. "I will not be ordered to go away!"

"My God!" fell from his lips with a groan. "Olive—for your life do what I say! Masterson, look out there! We're up against—"

**S**HE was startled by a subdued growl of cavernous depth, and the weighing downward of the tree limb as if being traversed by a heavy body. Then against the dark background of foliage blazed out two balls of green fire, flashing and changing to a yellow tint. They slowly advanced to within a couple of feet of Holmes, being separated from him by the insignificant screen of a small branch. Then loomed upon her horrified vision the crouching bulk of a tiger, creeping cautiously, as if uncertain that the creaking limb would support his weight further. In another moment he had lowered his immense head and stretched it around the branch, presumably with the object of seizing Holmes.

A cry of despair came from Miss Cumnock's lips, and at the same time she lifted the boathook and wildly,

utterly without thought or reason except Jack's imminent peril, struck the beast again and again directly in the face. The seeming result would have been to bring the tiger at a single leap into the launch; but her hits fell on the most sensitive part of his anatomy, the nose, and with a snarl of pain the beast scrambled back, to miss his insecure foothold, and fell with a tremendous splash into the water. The limb of the tree, thus released from the tiger's weight, shot upward and relieved itself also of Holmes' burden by tossing him to the awning of the launch.

Followed then confusion in the launch, out of which Masterson recollects only these facts: In response to frantic shouts from Holmes, he rushed to Miss Cumnock's assistance, to find her belaboring the paw of the tiger with her broken boathook. On recovering from his sudden immersion, the enraged beast had turned with the object of boarding the launch, and secured a grip upon the gunwale. The weight of it had drawn the launch over, and the beast's teeth in his wide-open jaws gleamed over the side. All hands sprang into the fight with whatever weapons could be snatched up at such a desperate emergency; but with a result that reached entirely into the problematical.

**T**HEN a strange and unexpected thing happened. Suddenly the tiger lost his hold and sank beneath the water. In another moment he came to the surface, giving vent to a terrific roar which shook the fastnesses of the jungle. From the launch tense faces beheld his supple body doubled up and engaged in a titanic conflict with another huge form that threshed the water into muddy foam with its powerful tail.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Holmes in awe-inspired accents. "He's been grabbed by a crocodile!"

For a time there was fear that the fighting beasts would overwhelm the launch in their death struggle; but the tiger gradually gained a footing in the mud and drew his enemy after him into the underbrush. From that region of sinister blackness could still be heard the tiger's muffled roars and snarls of rage, the snapping of immense jaws, and the rending of small trees as if they were saplings. In a little these sounds grew fainter, sinking into the gasps of monster-departing breaths; then again fell the silence.

**M**ASTERSON found immediate occupation in trying to reassure Mrs. Cumnock; but he thought he heard someone crying softly that she "hadn't meant,"

etc., and Holmes consoling "the pluckiest girl on earth." And when Holmes proposed to climb along that tree limb for assistance, the someone would have none of it, declaring she was going to take care of him forever. Therefore Masterson judged that Holmes had surmounted his crisis and his climax with flying colors.

In the sequence of events the next incident was the flaming of lamps on the bank of the nullah, and a sahib's voice hailing the launch.

"Is that Masterson? Well, one of your servants reached my place, and said you were shipwrecked here. From the look of things, there seems to have been rather a fight—a tiger and a crocodile dead in each other's jaws, by Jove!"

"Rather a fight? Rather a convulsion in the animal kingdom, you mean!" retorted Holmes.

"Ah! It does seem so. And a very fine tiger. I'll—"

"Yes; but hold on," cried Holmes. "That is Miss Cumnock's tiger. I claim the skin as her prize. It was her act that started his end."

"Oh, very well," replied the voice from the bank. "I'll instruct my people to take care of it for her."

**O**F how the party were taken from the launch and spent the rest of the night at their rescuer's house need not be gone into in detail. But a few days later at the Chowringhee Club, when Masterson and Holmes were discussing the procedure of a forthcoming event at the cathedral, Masterson wanted to know how Holmes came to face the tiger.

"As I said," explained Holmes, "I went up there to try and find a way out of our predicament. I hadn't crept along the limb half a dozen yards when I saw the tiger coming outward. First it became a question of trying to prevent alarming the women."

"And after that?" put in Masterson.

"Heaven knows! To save them at any risk, I guess. Since the launch was stuck fast, and you hadn't any weapons, that is why I wanted a torch. Fire will generally scare any beast. You see, if he had jumped into the launch—"

"It would have been all up with us," added Masterson. "I wonder what people will say to my being best man to the fellow who wins such a girl? You ought to have one of the Viceroy's aide-de-camps."

"Your turn will come next in the leading part," laughed Holmes, slapping Masterson on the shoulder, "and mine to help you out with a picnic—excepting the tiger."

## HOW I EARNED MY FIRST DOLLAR



By JAMES S. SHERMAN  
Vice President of the United States

**D**O I remember how I earned my first dollar? Yes, and I have a vivid recollection of the manner in which I spent it, too. That experience stands out like a milestone in my boyhood's memory, because of the fact that a dollar in those days was as big as a cart-wheel. I was only ten years old at the time, and the feeling of proud achievement that possessed me when I had finished that three weeks' arduous work has never been equaled through the intervening years.

I was raised on a farm, and this was by no means my first work. Everyone knows who has lived on a farm that the work of a choreboy is never finished. But the period of three weeks wherein I held my first paying job made a distinct impression upon me. It increased my self respect, and made me feel that I was an important factor in the workaday world.

As I look back now, in memory, I feel again the exultation that came upon me when I realized that my services were at last appreciated; that what I was told to do would not be looked upon as a duty I owed in being a member of the family. On the contrary, I was to be paid for doing the thing that I might have been commanded to do, and I felt the pride of being valued as a necessary cog in the wheel of agriculture. What matter if the wages were small? They were sufficient to awaken in me the desire to earn my way, and gave me a sense of personal responsibility that nothing before that time had done.

I worked for three weeks leading a horse from a hayfork, and was given the munificent sum of one dollar and fifty cents for my labor. They did not do their haying then as they do now, with the more improved methods of agriculture. They raked the hay into windrows with a one-horse hayrake, and after it was loaded on the wagon it was hauled to the barn and lifted into the haymow by the horse fork, which was fastened to one end of the rope operated through pulleys at the top of the barn. To the other end of this rope the old gray mare was hitched, and I would lead her back and forth as the fork-fills were hoisted into the haymow.

By beginning at six o'clock in the morning and work-

ing until eight at night, we could put six loads of hay into the barn. It was real work too, in which we all took active part. The weather was very hot, as it always is in haying time, and the men therefore had to drink plenty of water and sometimes buttermilk. Being the only boy on the job, I was appointed the committee on drinks.

One of my earliest acrobatic feats I learned to perform when watching the farm hands drink water out of a jug. This is still done in the same old way where jugs are used. Of course I tried to imitate my elders without their strength, and began by swinging the empty jug to my shoulder, when no one would see me, until I considered myself an expert. The bottom of the jug rested upon my upturned elbow, and my two fingers were thrust through the handle, a feat easy enough to accomplish when the jug was empty; but when it was full it was quite a different matter.

It was at this early period that I formed my love for the ball game: not as it is played today, but the simple and less complicated game of one old cat and two old cat. This was before the days of regulation ball. One old cat could be played by three players—a pitcher, a catcher, and a batter—while two old cat required four.

At noon when resting for an hour after dinner, during haying season, I was drafted into the service by the two men in order to make up the quota for one old cat; and, though I did very little batting, the honor of playing the game with men, with the added distinction of being paid for my work, at this period of my fortunes, was enough to transform me from boyhood to manhood in my mental feelings and pride, and made this epoch of my life preëminent.

Then came the temptation to spend the fortune that I had earned by the sweat of my brow. There was never a more propitious time for having a nestegg than the week following my payday. A circus had been advertised at a town twelve miles distant, and I knew that I should be there. By walking four miles, I could get a train to take me the rest of the distance; but the idea of spending any part of that one dollar and fifty cents for transportation never entered my mind. I walked the whole distance.

It was a day never to be forgotten. How those side-shows with their energetic spielers did tempt me! The clowns and bareback riders were drawing cards, to be sure; but the peanuts, cocoanut candy, and circus lemonade were my undoing. I remember that I was so ill I had to lie down by the roadside many times on that twelve-mile journey home. It was not necessary for me to walk, either,—I had enough left for my carfare,—but I remembered that I had earned my money like a man, I had spent it like a man, and now I was going to take my medicine like a man.

How good that hard ground felt to me as I lay there waiting for my strength to return that I might continue my journey; but never once did I regret the day's sport!



By JOHN W. KERN  
United States Senator from Indiana

**F**ROM 1854, when I was four years old, until 1864, when I was fourteen, I lived with my parents on a farm in the State of Iowa. Those were sure enough pioneer days; for during that ten-year period I never saw a railroad train.

We had a district school near our house, and it was a good one. Up to the winter of 1863 and '64 we had male teachers of the old-fashioned type, who "boarded around" among the patrons of the school, and did their own janitor work in making fires and caring for the little one-room school house on the prairie. But that winter there was a new departure. We were to be modernized. A young woman who had attended a normal school somewhere was employed, and the old-fashioned system was revolutionized. She declined to board around, and also required the township trustee to provide janitor service. The question then of interest to the boys of the neighborhood was as to who would get the job of making fires each morning and keeping the schoolhouse clean. Bids were received informally; and, while my bid may not have been the lowest, the trustee decided that as I lived nearest the schoolhouse I should have the job.

So I entered into a contract with that official to build a fire in the schoolhouse stove every morning at least an hour before the opening of school, and to sweep the floor at least once a day and oftener if necessary, and I was to receive the splendid sum of five cents for each school day, or twenty-five cents a week, or three dollars for the winter's work.

Every morning I had my breakfast before daylight, did my chores at home, then trudged to the schoolhouse, often through great snowdrifts, generally encountering bitter cold weather, and did my work to the satisfaction of the teacher and the trustee. At the end of the school term I received what seemed to me a vast sum,—three dollars.

I kept that money for a year or more, until I returned to the land where the locomotives whistled; and once there only a few lessons were needed to perfect me in the science of spending money, a science in which I have excelled even down to the present day.